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Alien Invasions at the Evans Salvage Grocery

Abstract

You look past dents in the cans. Bruised fruit-flesh—that's fine. But boxes, you have to inspect the seams...

Cover Page Footnote

"Alien Invasions at the Evans Salvage Grocery" was originally published at [Booth](#).



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Alien Invasions at the Evans Salvage Grocery

by M.D. Myers

You look past dents in the cans.
Bruised fruit-flesh—that's fine.
But boxes, you have to inspect the seams.

At 15, I pretend sci-fi—

[the food comes to us from far away.
has had a rough journey from earth to this
boiling rock. we've been marooned. maybe
we were criminals, who knows, who cares anymore.
survive. don't get eaten.
sometimes we are invaded]

At 15, I bring home grain beetles

for the second time. Secret breach. They sing in the cupboard
in the box in the rice. After three days I wake
to my sister's reproach—
check the seams.
This all has to go.

[they're everywhere cry the abandoned colonists]

She fights for a week against their gleaming
incursion. Seed-bodies, tiny mouths, wanton
& hungry in the cabinets. Then gassed.
Popped like seeds, small implosion of air.

[i am still scraping along on that planet rationing
the good oxygen failing to check the frontiers for risk]

Last night you were fighting
with bottles again— I drove you
by the house my mother was made
to give back, where I pretend

the invaders I unknowingly smuggled as a child
are germinating in the dark kitchen.
[they have been waiting for years growing in size and hunger]
We know a thing or two about family

setting fire to the carpet beneath
our homely feet. The new owners keep
the grass short, don't collect trash
like curios. But they saved the swing

my grandfather hung, & its tree was still strong.
Swinging with you under the bottle-
colored moon, we listened together
[different invasions

familiar alien
glittering seed-song—
high & old & hungry]

M. D. Myers lives and works Fayetteville, AR, where she co-curates the Open Mouth Reading Series and attempts indoor gardening. She has received scholarships to attend the Squaw Valley Community of Writers Poetry Workshop, and her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *The Apalachee Review* and *Sundog Lit*. She is an MFA candidate at the University of Arkansas.